

SATURDAY, JAN. 13, 1900

IN THE COUNTRY IN THE FALL

They are hauling in the buckwheat From the field upon the hill,
And the swollen stream is roaring
O'er the dam below the mill;
The ripened nuts are falling
And the hunry neacon active active. And the hungry peacock's calling For the breakfast that the gander grabbed

away.
While the squirrels gayly chatter
As if nothing were the matter,
And the gobbler's getting fatter

Every day. The colts are in the pasture And the cows wind o'er the lea;
All the swaying limbs are naked
Where the green leaves used to be;
The housewife all a-flutter,
Stirs the bubbling apple butter,
With the wood smoke in her nostrils and

On the line the wash is gleaming. On the steps the dog is dreaming. And. sheve, a hawk is screaming

As it flies! The glossy quall is resting On the weather-beaten log. And the huntsman from the city in the nuntsman from the city itumbles dewn through brake and bog:
Over roots and over bowlders,
With a pair of aching shoulders,
goes trudging with his fifty-dollar gun Always te his purpose cleaving.

Never halting, never grieving, But contentedly believing It is fun. The farmer's rosy daughter Helps the busy hired man; They are husking corn as blithely and as briskly as they can:
They are very near together
As they husk and wonder whether
There are red ears they shall chance to fine

or not:

She is looking out to see one.

He is hoping he may "tree one."

But there doesn't seem to be one

In the lot.

As they tear the husks away: There is music in the cackle Of he hen up in the hay:

If r she hears his exclamation

L is full of perturbation,

For a last—at last—the lucky ear is found:

Flushes mount into their faces, He the happy chance embraces And she giggles as he chases Her around. O the farmer's lot is happy.

And the farmer's dreams are sweet,

If there's money in his pockets

And his bins are full of wheat—

Free from all the city's clamor He may live defying grammar, And the leaves that fall serve not to make him sad!

Having cleared up all his labors,
Fearing naught from ships or sabers,
He plays checkers with the neighbors,
And is glad.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

************ A LIVELY LEGACY

Capers of a Degenerate Flintlock. **********

NE moist and misty morning not long since I chanced to be driving ong the big road that leads through the picturesque valley of the Oothcalooga, in Georgia, when I was startled clean off'n the log over back'ards into by a thundering crash as if some ody the creek. As I went I jerked the pole had fired a Fourth of July salute from a cannon. The report came from the woods just ahead of me, and the first thought that came into my mind was that somebody was blasting rock with dynamite and had just touched off a charge, so I kept peering through the trees for a glimpse of the quarrymen.

Imagine my surprise when, at a turn in the road, I came abruptly upon



BACKWARDS INTO THE CREEK.

Nathe Sauls, sitting on a log and wiping the blood and powder stains from his nose and face. His old flintlock musket, that had been a legacy from his grandfather, who used it chasing the redocats during the war of 1812, was resting against a tree, and I felt that it had been the prime cause of Nathe's disreputable appearance.

But before suggesting such a conjecture I knew that I had to feel my way, as Nathe was very touchy on the subject of his gun, which he loves as fondly as a loyal knight ever adored his lady fair. So I stopped my horse, and, clearing my throat to attract his attention, I remarked:

"Good morning, Nathe; nice morning for hunting." "Mornin'; I'm tollable. You tol-

lable?"

"I'm feeling very well. Was that you fired a bit ago?"

"You mean that thunderstormy, yearthquake, nynermity 'splosion? Yes, that was me, dod rot it; don't you see how she done me up?" nodding in the direction of his gun. "Me'n ol' Killbuck, thar, has be'n a-havin' a little

bit of a cirkis down thar in the bushes. "You'd better drive up a leetle speck, fur I don't think she's throo kickin' yit, an' she mought turn loose at any minit an' kick ye out uv the buggy an' over the fence. When she do git cantankeris she's the setfiredest gun that ever kerried a ramorod. She's allus be'n that

"My daddy tol" me that his daddy tol" him that he'd hears his daddy say that when he fit at the battle of New Orleans he loaded that 'ere fusee with a ounce bell an' 13 blue whistlers, an' that when is turned her loose on the

Briffish she kicked down a whole com p'ny an' come nigh lamin' Giner'l Jack-

"While ago I was down on the creek a-shootin' cat squirrels. She kicked me back'ards over a stump, an' then she made another kick at me as I lay thar helpless, an' ef she hadn't a-struck her breech ag'in a big rock I s'pose she'd a-kep on kickin' tell she kicked herself clean out uv the woods. Oh, she's a high kicker, lemme tell ye. She's as good a gun as ever wus, an' she's be'n in the fambly fur fo' ginerations, but ef ever the devil possessed any critter on this yearth he's got control uv ol' Killbuck this minit. This ain't the fust time she's played me such capers.

"She beats all creation when it comes down to out an' out cussedness. I've had trials an' triberlations 'nough with 'er to make a Christian out'n the hardheartedest Jew that ever kep' Sat'day fur Sunday.

"I've thought uv havin' 'er changed fom a flint an' steel to a pincussion lock, but when I think 'bout how long she's be'n in the fambly, an' how my daddy hated these new-fangled cap 'rangements what go with the pincussion locks, an' when I rickerlect how my daddy's granddaddy kerried that gun an' fit the British with sich great slaughter at New Orleans, I hain't got | fus!" the heart to make any change in 'er.

"The wust trick she ever done me wus oncet when I had baited a suckerhole in the Oothcaloogy an' tuck old Killbuck 'long fur ducks. Ye see in the winter these big greenheads feed in the reaches uv the creek, an' ef a feller don't ketch no fish he has a chance to git a duck or two, an' ef hedon't git no ducks he has a chance at the suckers, an' don't waste so much time.

"Hit wus a cold, frosty mornin' an' a purty good skin uvice on the edges an' in the low places. I slipped down to my baited suckerhole early, an' I seed f'om the blubbers arisin' that the fish was a-feedin'. Creepin' out on a log what wus partly hid by the bush overhead, I laid my gun 'cross my lap an' baited my hook an' drapped it in. I'd made sich a little noise that not a bird | the effects of the strict blockade were had fluttered, an' a sassy little cat squirrel sot on a stump jest 'cross the creek an barked an' chattered an' switched his tail at me as of he dared me to take a pull at him.

"But I wusn't out fur squirrels that mornin'. When I go a squirrel huntin' to have the darkies get us our dinner; I stick to squirrels, an' when I'm out but at the same time made no fur ducks I let the squirrels rip an' stick to ducks. I hadn't be'n settin' thar more'n ten minits when I hearn a duck quack jest 'round the bend, an' I cocked quack jest 'round the bend, an' I cocked daughter, probably 20 years old, was my gun an' kep' one eye on my cork quite free to talk. Said she: an' the other on the bend in the creek. wonderin' which'd be fust, ducks or auckers.

"Jest as I hearn another quack I nodiced a nibble at my cork. I stuck the muzzle uv my gun ag'in the bank an' made ready, beca'se hit was a-gittin' excitin', as I still couldn't tell which would be fust, suckers er ducks. 'Quack,' went the duck, jest 'round the turn, an' a stronger nibble bobbed my cork. I stuck my pole atwix' my knees an' the young lady favored us with several fetched my gun 'round in position, for fine instrumental selections on the sump'n tol' me that it would be ducks piano.

"Jest then 'quack' went the duck, an' s fine pair uv greezheads came sailin'round the bend, not 30 yards away, an down went my cork. I jerked my pole with one hand an' at the same time fired at the ducks. Je-whillikins! Ye thought ye hearn a blast 'while ago, but hit wusn't a circumstance to the report, an' at the crack uv the gun I wus lifted went I jerked the pole so hard that I flung the little pollywog uv a catfish what'd be'n a-bitin' my hook bout 20 feet high an' landed it 'monget the bresh above my head.

"That wus the fust thing I nodiced when I come to the top. The nex' wus a tur'ble churnin' in the warter which gradu'ly moved to'ards t'other bank, an' finally I seed of Killbuck a-kickin' herse'f out'n the warter onto the highland. The ducks wusn't nowhar to be seed. I s'pose I'd blowed 'em clean off the face uv the yearth.

"I walked 'cross on the log an' picked up ol' Killbuck. She wus a-tremblin' like sump'n alive, an' when I looked at the muzzle hit wus split down 'bout three inches. Ye see when I leant the muzzle ag'in the bank a wad uv mud got stuck in it, an' I wus that eager to git a shot at them greenheads, an' that southern ballads, but in a manner so accypied with the fish a-bitin' that I pleasant that offense was out of the didn't nodice it. I had to take her to question. a gunsmith an' have the bar'l sawed off b'low the split, but now she's as good as we held a council of war to decide which ever an' jest as bad as ever 'bout kick- road to follow, and concluded to branch in'."-Detroit Free Press.

Not Going to Spoil Him. When walking in a hayfield one afternoon with her husband Lady Warwick noticed a bright boy of ten or so helping his father load the hay cart.

"Does not your boy attend school?" was Lady Warwick's pertinent ques-

"No, ma'am, he don't go oftener than I can help. You see, John's a real smart boy, and I don't want to have him spoiled with book learning. I mean to make a farmer of him. Now, his eldest brother went regular to school, and he got above loading a hay cart, and, of course, he's made nothing out."

"What has become of him?" asked Lady Warwick, in concern.

"Why, he went out to South Africa and got a secretaryship," was the scornful reply, "but John here is a smart lad -he'll be of some use on the farm, he will!"--San Francisco Argonaut.

Dot's Prayer for Peace. On one evening little four-year-old Dorothy had failed to remember her father in her prayer becaus, he had scolded her. "You must pray for papa, too, Dot," said her mother. "But I don't want to," replied the little one. "But you must, Dot," said her mouner. Dropping upon her knees again Dot added: "And for pity's sake, bless papa,

too, and let us have peace in the fam-

lly."-Chicago Times-Herald.

A Convert. Jack-I thought you were going to

study medicine. Tom-I did intend to, but I found out that the medious have no time to play football, and I switched to theology .-N. Y. Journal.

Ways of Women, The while the one insistent dame Goes up and down the land, for rights a yelling.

Another stays at home, unknown to fame,
And bends her energies to set her jells
a-joiling.

A WAR TIME ADVENTURE.

Soldiers Foraging Georgia During the Famous March in 1864.

While on the march through Georgia in the fall of 1864, the writer and several comrades from company E of the cattle guards, Lieut. Walker commanding, started out early one morning foraging. We were near a small village, Swainboro. We followed a crossroad that led off in a southerly direction from the main line of march followed by the army.

After following this road four or five miles we came to a large mansion, whose owner was an officer in Lee's samy. Darkies swarmed about and seemed perfectly willing for us to help ourselves to whatever we wanted. We were not out for plunder, so did not molest anything in the big house, but in the dining room, a smaller building adjoining, we found a table set with a fine breakfast. This was too tempting, so Gus Shafer and I satdown and were not disturbed except by the black cook, who stuck her woolly head in at the kitchen door and exclaimed somewhat excitedly that we were eating "Ole missus' an' de chilluns' break-

We did not allow such a little mat ter to bother us, but continued to sam ple the typical Georgia planter's victuals. Before we were through the other boys came in and helped clean up the table. We then thanked the cook for her kindness and left without doing

any damage. A short distance beyond this plantation we came to a crossroad and turned east to keep parallel with the army, about five miles south of it, as near as

we could guess. A little before noon we came to another large frame house, belonging to a doctor who at that time was a surgeon in the confederate army at Richmond. Everything about this place indicated wealth and comfort before the war, but at the time of our visit plainly visible.

The wife and her pretty daughter were arrayed in the much-boasted, but very plain, "homespun that southern ladies wear." They treated us kindly and made no objection to our request but at the same time made no secret of their sentiments, without expressing the rancorous feeling exhibited by some others we met that day. The

"You are the first Yankees that I ever met, and I have to confess that I am best to tell her the unwelcome truth. disappointed, for I expected to be insulted and to have our house pillaged. I find you so gentlemanly that, instead of alarm, I take pleasure in talking to

After this we felt quite at home and remained until near the middle of the afternoon. We had a good dinner, and were then invited into the parlor, where

When we asked for a song, she said: "If I sing, I must sing my sentiments, nd they will not suit Yankees."

We told her that anything she close to sing would be accepted from such a charming lady, even if she was a con-fessed "rebel." Then in a sweet voice



AN' DE CHILLUNS BREAKFUS!"

she sang several of the most popular

At a fork of the road a mile beyond, off to the right.

After passing through about two miles of dense forest, we came to a fine plantation, where we found a white man, a native of Indiana, who had married a southern woman, ten or fifteen years before the war, and had inherited this large large plantation and a great number of slaves. He professed to be a good unionist, who had, by various ways, escaped the conscription, but had

lately been hiding in the forest. We were welcome to his house and he seemed eager to hear what news we had to tell. We got a good warm supper and remained longer than we ought, for the evening shadows were falling.

A young woman, about 17, with dark hair and eyes, of slender form, and fair to look upon, was glad to treat us kindbecause we were from the north, where her father's folks lived. She also was an excellent planist, and entertained us pleasantly; but here we heard no "rebel" songs, except "Dixie," and that only by request. As near as I can recollect this man's name was Foster, and I sincerely believe he was a union-

When he left, our haversacks were filled with cooked sweet potatoes and chicken, and the good wishes of the entire household, white and black, followed us as we started to find our way back to our company .- E. M. Day, in National Tribune.

Paradoxical. A man must own his faults in order to get rid of them.-Chicago Dispatch.

Willing to Assist. New Son-in-Law-Ahem! You re member, Mr. Oldchapp, you said that after we were married you would assist me in the matter of furnishing a

Mr. Oldchapp-Certainly, my boy, certainly. Come around the corner with me and I'll introduce you to a friend of mine who is in the installment business .- N. Y. Weekly.



CHRISTMASTIDE.

The dew lay white on Bethlehem's plains
The stars above shone bright and clear,
As to the earth on radiant wings
The angelic hosts of Heaven draw near.

With voices tuned in sweet accord They sang in tones of melody, Of peace on earth, good will to men, Which through the Christ the world

The shepherds as they watched their Heard the glad tidings from above, And in their fear, knew not each strain Was filled with pure, cestatic love.

To you this day is born, they sang,
The Christ, the Lord's anointed one;
In Him, the nations shall rejoice,
And unto Him shall they be won.

The mortal form in manger laid,
The infant, watched with loving care,
Was found by those who from afar
Came to de homage to Him there.

Wise men were they who saw the star And knew its meaning to mankind— Of the rich blessings that through Him Were from the first for man designed. Rich gifts they brought unto the child.
And worshiped Him with hearts since
Through faith they saw the sons of men
Clothed is His righteousness appear.

Mary received each tribute given
To the dear child, and in her heart
Treasured each word most earefully,
For of His life it formed a part.

As unto youth and manhood grew
This wondrous babe, her every though
Was centered in Him, and the words, That unto her the angels brought.

His mission to the world, she knew. And all that was therein contained.

And though the cross awaited Him,
By love divine she was sustained.

The night, so pure, so calm, so blest, The angels with their music sweet. The Royal Babe and Mary's care, The Magi prostrate at their feet,

Are still with us each Christmastide
And lead the heart to humbly bring
Rich offerings of love and trust
To Christ, the Saviour, Prince and King
—J. M. Taompson, in Boston Budget.

AT EVENING TIME, LIGHT.

The Bright Message That Camto the Heart of a Dying Girl.

"How long?" she said. "How much time have I?" He was a wise doctor. He looked at

her a moment, and decided it would be "You may linger a week, Mary, but the end may come any minute."

The pale face of the sick girl grew alightly paler, but she made no reply. Her eyes were looking far away. She heard the doctor walk softly down the steps, as if for the last time. It was good to be alone. She was in her chair on the porch of the little cottage. The broad ocean lay before her. Some children were digging holes in the sand on the beach. It was but a few weeks surely, since she was a child playing there. She was but 16 now.

"A week? Or now, in a minute? And -after?" She shut her eyes, trying to think it out. She was a member of the church;

she had been confirmed last spring. But what did she know about that other place? She tried to remember, but her head ached. This was so realsea, and her mother w yonder, and the smell of supper inside Some day they would all be at supper, gathered around the cheerful home table under the lighted lamps-all but her. And where would she be?

Where? Just then a bird that had built its nest in the eaves hopped out and began to chirp. Her nestlings thrust out their bare heads to watch her. They had such a comfortable nest, dear little things! Mary's mother came up the beach. She was singing softly to the baby who was asleep on her breast. Little black Ben was stretched out in the sun, whistling. Ben had a good, comfortable time, too. He was always

The low sunset light struck across the sea, and the fish leaped up into the light and sank down to their homes. Above the water were myriads of brightwinged flies, darting and humming out

of pura joy that they were alive. Suddenly, as to Luther, when in a despondent hour he heard the singing of a bird, the truth beamed into the sick girl's soul that the Maker of the world -the Author of all this life-never ceased to care for His own. For every rational and irrational creature He has planned a something and a somewhere

in loving kindness. Then the words of the Son of God came to her: "In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you." And in that she rested the fledgling contented in its nest, like the babe asleep in the arms of its mother. It did not matter now when she went away. On the Divine bosom she could lay her aching head and wait .-Youth's Companion.

The Value of Decision.

Dr. Arnold, the famous educator, once said that in most cases the boys who came to Rugby with a character of positive good not only endured the strain of temptation in school life, but came out of the struggle strengthened. It was the neutral and indecisive characters that made shipwreck. Any place of temptation would be to them a place of peril. To parley with temptation is to court defeat and disaster. The boy who has not strength and cour' age to say "No" becomes an easy prey. The boy who timidly hesitates to carry out his convictions of right invites a fall. It is the first step that counts .-Baptist Union.

Every care is an invitation to prayer. -Ram's Hern.

A Call to Prayer.

PEACE AND GOOD WILL.

Its Annual Recurrence Emphasises the Blessed Fact of a Heaven Begun on Earth.

All great joys, it has been remarked. are serious. In the recurrence of the hallowed Christmas-tide there comes anew to Christian hearts the recogni- thought I meant it .- N. Y. Journal.

tion of the scientily joyful fact for which "the most beneficent of the Christian days" stands-its proclamation of "Peace on earth and good will toward men." And this, it scarcely need be said, is no more rhetorical phrase, but it is a blessed fact which points at once to the office of redemp-tion, which tells of a Heaven begun on earth-for the peace and good will promised are not gifts to be bestowed in that Heaven to which all the sons of God are hastening, but it comes to the pure soul even here and now. And there is significance in the very

phrasing. For the declaration is not of good will and peace, as if the latter was the outgrowth of the former, but conand the higher side of human nature?
"You must have the bird in the heart before you can find him in the bush," says that great prophet of nature, John Burroughs. And what is true of birds is roughs. And what is true of birds is our patrons in this and northern states true of the whole field of nature, in and cities want farm hands, cooks, cluding man; you must have love for nurses and general laborers. If you your fellow men in the heart before want a good home or paying employ-you can discover their true worth and ment write or call at W. M. Martin & appropriate to yourself the blessing Co., 814 Rast Broad St., Richmond. which always comes to noble souls associated together. Nay, more—it is only sociated together. Nay, more—it is only as we have the love of God in the heart that we are enabled to realize His loving, sympathethic, compassionate nature. Indeed, it is a question—rather it is scarcely a question at all—if those with are earnestly striving to conform their will to the divine life ever wholly

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mation of all things. And not alone this recitative sung by the angels out of Heaven tells us of this gladness, but as we regard God in the light of His real attributes, how clear and radiant this truth appears! Is God almighty, is He omniscient, is He allwise?-we have but to carry the fullness of these attributes into those qualities which He commands us to manifest in our own lives, and we shall find Him also to be all-compassionate and all merciful; the summing up of all we shall find in the apostle's declaration: "God is love." And so we read joyfully and hopefully, and say with the poet:

For merciful and compassionate, And full of sweet assurances And hope for all, the language is— "He remembreth cur frame, He knowsth we are dust."

Merciful and compassionate! He remembereth our frame! Peace on earth! Good will toward men!-ring it out in the clear, frosty air, Christmas bells! Shout it, rejoicing soull Sing it, glad heart! Let us in all the flow of feeling exclaim with the rapturous poet of 26 centuries ago: "Arise, shine-for our Light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon us!" May that glory and that light be the priceless possession of everyone of us on this blessed Christmas tide!-Christian Work.

SPEAR POINTS.

Great Truths from the Ram's Horn Applicable to the Common Affairs of Life.

Doing is a sure proof of believing. A little, with God's blessing, is suffi-

What you are within, that you will be

Restitution is the right hand of repentance. Selfishness is the substance of sin and sorrow its shadow. Self-forgetfulness is only acquired by

remembering others. Grasp the irksome duty tight, it shall turn to sweet delight.

We are wielded by our wishes, rather than by our wisdom. The gospel for the eternities is the nly gospel for the times.

How many of us dare pray: "Lord, do unto me this day even as I do unto

Christ did not say that the world would be lighted by preachers, but by practicers. We can bear one another's burdens

without being busybodies in each other's business. To the Christless, their gains but lead

to larger loss; to the Christian, loss to greater gain. When a man shows his goodness in

his home the chances are that goodness

has its home in him.

Toil and tribulation are the only coins passing current in the market where perfection is for sale.

There is no difference in quality between sins of omission and sins of commission; either are fatal. The fullness of salvation comes in

only when Christ takes out our old faults and puts in new forces. Satisfaction is possible only to the senf-controlled life, and self-control is possible only to the Christ-satisfied. Great Thoughts Proved.

Great thoughts are never wholly

great until they have been proved in

common life.—Boston Congregational-The Infant Terrible. She was in the room the other dry when her mother was entertaining

woman friend. "Little Florence has a great admiration for you. She told me the other day she loved to sit and lock at you," said the mother, while the visitor seemed

But Florence dreaded a possible misapprehension. "That was only because you look so fat and comfortable," she hastened to explain.-N. Y. Evening

Foolish Man. Bessie-Goodness gracious, Mabell What are you erying for? Mabel-George proposed to me last night, and I refused him-boo-hooland the silly goose th-boo-hoo-hool-



RICHMOND, VA., Jan. 1, 1900 All Master Masons their mothers, wives, sisters and daughters are respectfully invited to a mass meetingat Masonie Hall, 511 E. Clay St., on Thursday, Jan. 25, 1900, at 8 o'clock P. M. for the purpose of

re-organising the order of the Eastern Star at which time plans for re-organ ization will be presented.

MRS. JAS. H. HAYES,

PETERSBURG, VA., Dec. 14, 1899. the outgrowth of the former, but contraining of peace and good will—first comes the peace, and then out of it flow the fountains of good-will! And how can we quarrel with those with whom our relations are those of perfect peace?

—or yet, to go further, with the world everywhere disposed to peace, how shall it not result in good will, as, souls getting closer to souls, we see the better and the higher side of human nature? Robert Vernon, Grand Representative, Edward W. Wood, alternate, Mos

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